

## CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to Reuter "the police do not attach any importance to the letters from English public men which were recently seized in the house of the ex-deportee, KRISHNA KUMAR MITTER, in Calcutta." A very nasty thrust.

According to Mlle. BADET, the dancer who is appearing at the Palace, every word spoken by a woman "should be accompanied by a gesture and expression which reveal her soul." If this rule might be extended to embrace the other sex, we should be glad to see the appropriate gestures to accompany the remarks of a Liberal property-owner engaged in the attempt to fill up one of the Land-Tax forms issued by his hero, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. J. VEITCH WILSON has written a letter to *The Observer* on "Sound Values in Pronunciation." Frankly, we think it a mistake to draw attention to them. We shall have the CHANCELLOR taxing them too.

It is estimated that more than £30,000 has been lost in this country over aviation meetings. Money, at any rate, flies.

More aviation news. "The experimental flying express train from Johannesburg to Cape Town reached its destination yesterday, having accomplished a journey extending over 1,000 miles in 35½ hours." We like these South Africans. They do not brag about what they are going to do. They just do it.

*The Daily News* publishes a photograph of the Guides' race in the Grasmere Sports, which it entitles "A Scramble up Buttermere." We are awaiting with some interest the companion picture, "A Swim across Helvellyn."

"The Liberal Party," says *The Nation*, "cannot go on year after year counting *Dreadnoughts*, and finding money to build them. If the Liberal Government cannot stay this process, the party must. It is a condition of its existence." But if a strong Navy is a condition of England's existence, and a weak Navy is a condition of the Liberal Party's existence, it looks as if one of them would have to go (the latter for choice).

Such success has attended the experimental delivery of telegrams by telephone that the G.P.O., it is stated, has decided to extend the system. This



*Confused Holiday-maker at Slackton-on-Sea (who has spent everything and missed the boat back to London). "PARDON, MOSSEW. POUVEZ-VOUS DIRECTER MOI AU BRITISH CONSULATE?"*

means, we believe, that in those cases where the addressee of a telegram has no telephone the contents will be announced to him from the nearest post-office by means of a powerful megaphone.

From Gloucestershire comes a report of a shower of frogs. This is good news. We were getting so tired of seeing it raining cats and dogs.

In its account of the preparations for the Thames Swimming Race *The Daily Mail* says, "Miss Alice Aykroyd, the Boston girl who has crossed the Atlantic to compete for the £20 gold cup, swam eight miles in the Richmond and Putney district yesterday, leaving the stream as fresh as when she entered it." The italics are ours: the imputation that the other competitors ought to have had a good scrub first is our contemporary's.

Beads will be more popular than ever this year, says an authority on woman's dress. We hope this means that summer will soon be here.

From a Dublin advertisement:—

HAIR CUT

DONE WHILE YOU WAIT.

We suppose that this is very smart and up-to-date, but we must confess we prefer the old-fashioned plan of leaving your hair to be cut, and calling for it in a day or two.

Captain AMUNDSEN has discovered hot springs in the neighbourhood of the North Pole. The news is rather tantalising in view of the cold springs which we get every year in this country.

With reference to an article entitled "The Kaiser as Tradesman," which appeared the other day, an old lady writes to inform us that she has been told that, in Germany, the KAISER's grandfather is known as "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grocer."

The Women's Imperial Health Association has declared war on the closed window. The Association has the tacit support of burglars all over the country.

## SAND VALUES.

An! happy shore that skirts the sea.  
 Never for sale to any buyers;  
 A land that no man holds in fee,  
 But you and I may have it free  
 As annual occupiers.

There on the sea-shells' argent floor,  
 Where mermaids trill in liquid trebles,  
 No curious scribe will ask you for  
 The beach's "Mineral Value" or  
 What party "works" the pebbles.

There you may lie about all day  
 And hear the niggers sing inept tunes,  
 Or use at will your "Right of Way,"  
 In case you care to go and play  
 Next door, at Father Neptune's.

There you may course on patient mokes,  
 Or practise other harmless orgies;  
 May sit with simple-hearted folks  
 Imbibing Pierrot's limpid jokes,  
 Unvexed of LLOYDS and GEORGES.

See where his plastic task he plies,  
 The jocund infant, moist and messy,  
 Moulding the surface into pies;  
 It's "undeveloped" otherwise  
 By either lord or lessee.

Or if, upon "improvements" bent,  
 He rears a castle rightly feudal  
 His labour leaves him well-content,  
 Knowing no tax on "increment"  
 Will fleece him like a poodle.

And when the sea usurps his land,  
 Razing the walls in which he revelled,  
 He need not fix with palsied hand  
 The "Site-Assessment" of the sand  
 With all its buildings levelled.

Ah! blessed fringe of this sad isle,  
 Where, as a tenant under Heaven, you  
 May sniff the outland airs and smile,  
 And with impartial lip revile  
 The Chiefs of Inland Revenue.

O. S.

## THE MATCH-MAKERS.

SCENE—A large room leading through French windows into a garden. TIME—3 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon in summer. He with his hat on and a stick in his hand has just entered and found Her prepared for a walk.

He (mysteriously). Good! You're ready. Let's be off.

She (with bated breath). Half a minute, and I'm with you. What did you say to Freddie?

He. Told him he'd find us here in five or six minutes, and we'd all walk to the top of Saintsbury Hill together; and if he didn't find us he'd find Cynthia and I supposed that was what he wanted. That's all right, isn't it?

She. Yes, good boy; go up one. I told Cynthia if we weren't here she was to wait till we turned up.

He. Capital! And they won't find us here, and they'll be alone together, and—

She. They'll bring it off. Come on, I'm ready. Don't make a noise. They mustn't hear us or see us.

[They go out into the garden and walk more or less on tip-toe across the lawn, talking as they go.

She. Do you think Freddie will do it?

He. Do it? Why, he's been panting for the chance—begged and prayed me to arrange this week-end so as to bring them together; said he'd tried half-a-dozen times in London, but something had got in his way every time, either a brother or a mother or a sister. Once it was a maid who fetched her home from a dinner when Freddie had ordered the slowest four-wheeler in London, and thought he was going to take her home himself. He said if we'd ask 'em here together and give 'em just one chance of being alone for five minutes he'd—what's the matter?

[She has turned round to look at the house and has gripped him suddenly by the arm.

She (excitedly). Hurry up. They're coming out into the garden.

He (looking round). By gum, so they are! They mustn't see us. Don't pinch so.

She. Sorry. Let's skip behind those bushes, and then we can get off into the Lovers' Walk, and so out into the road by the corner door.

[They skip, and take a furtive peep through the bushes.

He. I don't think they've spotted us, but they're coming along a deuce of a pace. Perhaps he's done it.

She. No, they're not saying a word, and they're looking as distant as from here to Land's End. Come on; we must give 'em their chance.

[They dive round some trees into the Lovers' Walk, a gravel path through a thick belt of bushes.

He. I thought Freddy was running.

She. Nonsense! He's not such a fool. Duck down lower than that—much lower, or they'll see you through the gap. There—my hat's caught.

He. Tear it off; leave it behind you; do anything, but for heaven's sake come on. If they see us they'll think they must join us.

She. I hear their steps somewhere. They're coming along the walk.

He. No. They're in the open. It's all right. Quicker, quicker! When once we get to the end of this we'll be through the garden-door in a jiffy, and then we're safe.

[They hasten on, but stop near the end of the walk.

She. I thought I heard something. I'll stay here, and just you creep carefully round the corner and reconnoitre.

[He does so, and returns to her pale and dismayed.

He (whispering). They're out there at the end. I caught a glimpse of a skirt and a pair of trousers, and I nipped back. What shall we do now?

She. Let's go back to the other end. Then we can slip out by the gate at the bottom of the garden, and lose them that way.

[They retrace their steps, but stop again before reaching the other end.

He. I heard voices. You go on this time. I couldn't do it again. [She goes on and returns in consternation.

She. They're there. They must have run like hares.

He. What shall we do now? We can't race up and down this walk all day. I wonder what fool's game Freddie's playing at.

She. There's nothing for it. We must go out and face them. anyhow, it won't be our fault. We've done our best for them.

[They walk on and find a young man and a young woman waiting for them at the entrance.

She. Oh, you're there, are you? We were just coming back to fetch you. I wanted to show Charles the new ferns I've had planted here. We can get started now.

[They all start.

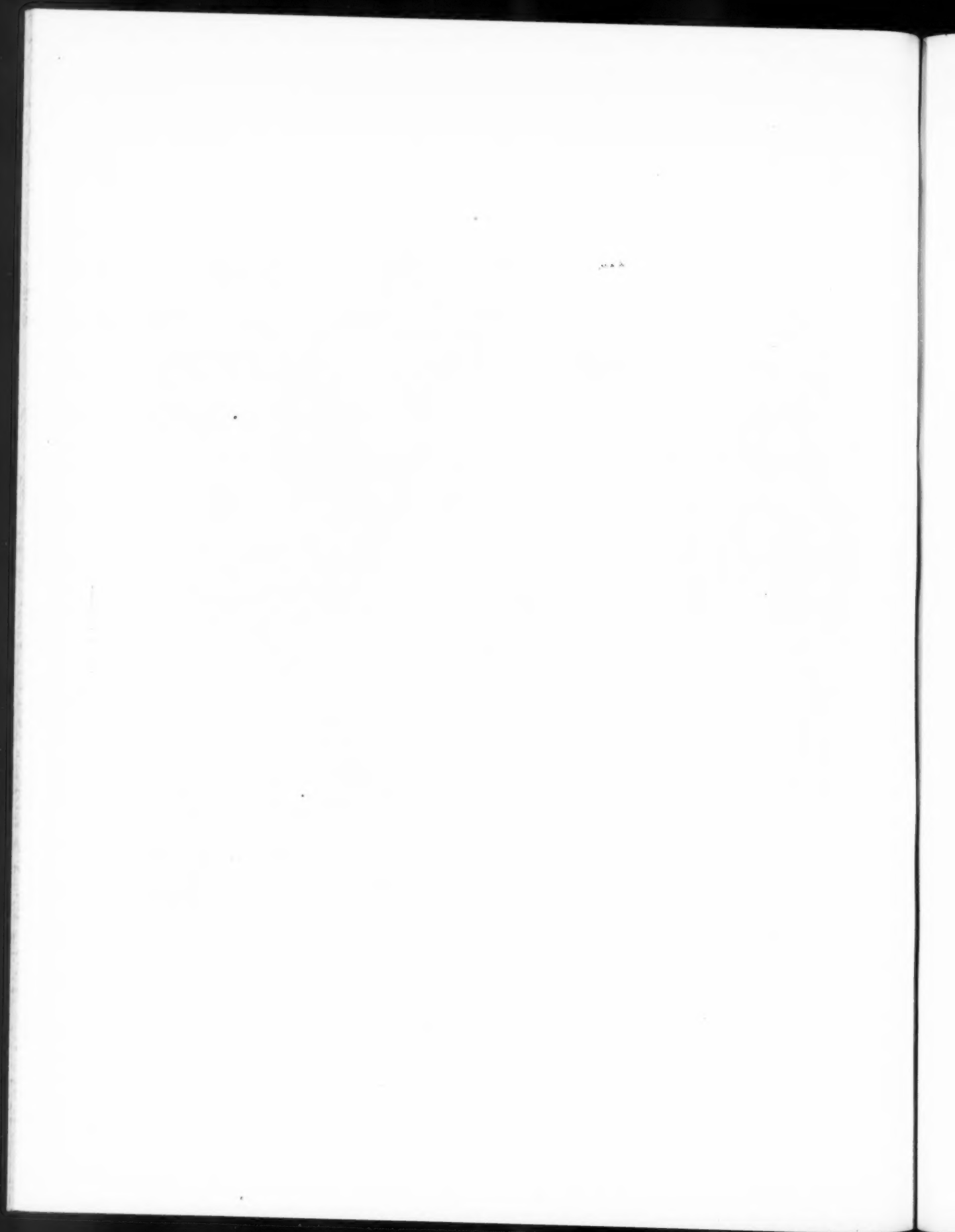
He (aside to Freddie). What have you been up to? We left the coast clear for you, and then you spoil the



### THE OLD WORLD AVENGED.

EUROPA (to UNCLE SAM). "YOUR TURN NOW; I'VE HAD MINE."

[Mr. ROOSEVELT, having taken a brief rest after his lecturing-tour in Europe, has now started on the stump in his own country.]







Umpire (in sympathy with the fielding side and forgetting himself in his eagerness for an l.b.w.). "How's THAT?"

whole show by coming out and chasing us up and down the garden.

Freddie. Sorry, old chap, I know I'm a mug; but when I found myself alone with her in that big room I couldn't think of a word—just stood and looked at her. I did make a shot—upon my honour I did—but just as I was going to say, "Cynthia," I had to sneeze, and that threw me out of my stride. Devilish bit of bad luck. Then she saw you hopping round the bushes, and she was after you like a bird, and I had to come too. Worst of it is when we're with other people I'm as bold as a lion, but when I'm alone with her I haven't got an ounce of pluck.

He. Well, you've had your chance and wasted it. It isn't worth while giving you another.

[They all walk on moodily. Gradually the party separates into two, the young people dropping some ten paces behind. Five minutes elapse.

Freddie (dashing wildly forward and seizing Him by the hand). I've done it, old man, I've done it! You're a ripper—no, I mean I'm a rip—no, I mean everybody's a ripper. Whoo-oo!

He. What's up now?

Freddie. Cynthia's promised to marry me. I owe it all to you and Mrs. Bromley. If you two hadn't stuck to us—I mean if we hadn't stuck to you like leeches, I should never have dared. Oh, never mind; we've fixed it up, and we're going to be married in October—

She (seizing Cynthia by both hands). My dearest Cynthia!

He. Congratulate you heartily, old chap; congratulate you both. We'll leave you together now.

Cynthia. Oh, let's finish our walk.

[They all four walk on together.

## RENUNCIATION.

Go, thrust my bat within the kitchen grate;  
Fetch me a fluffy monkey; let me play  
With something that can never agitate  
My soul. I've had the dickens of a day.  
I bowled. The very first a "sitter" brought,  
Which, rendering void my own insidious tricks,  
I dropped, and he who smote and was not caught  
Survived to help himself to ninety-six.  
Barely was hushed the crowd's derisive scoff  
Before a skier, swerving in the gale,  
Came down to find long-on distinctly off,  
And leave him doctoring a damaged nail.  
Leg had one just two inches out of reach,  
And (my misfortune, scarcely theirs the blame)  
Cover and point declined a "snorter" each,  
And then I missed another, I, moi-même.  
Then, culminating horror that befell,  
Two slips, the leather soaring overhead  
(Such nice men, too. I know their people well),  
Collided, whereupon I wept and said:—  
"Go, thrust my bat within the kitchen grate,  
Barter my pads for bricks and Noah's arks."  
That (and the things I've had to expurgate)  
Comprised the general gist of my remarks.

"For Sale, Cow, genuine; can be seen any time between eight and eleven."—Advt. in "Folkestone Herald."  
In three hours you ought to be able to make quite certain that it is a genuine cow.

## HOLIDAY TIME.

## II.—BECALMED.

"WELL," said Dahlia, giving up the tiller with a sigh, "if this is all that you and Joe can do in the way of a breeze, you needn't have worried."

"Don't blame the crew," said Archie nobly, "he did his best. He sat up all night whistling."

"Are we moving?" asked Myra, from a horizontal position on the shady side of the mainsail.

"We are not," I said, from a similar position on the sunny side. "Let's get out."

Simpson took off his yachting cap and fanned himself with a nautical almanac. "How far are we from anywhere?" he asked cheerfully.

"Miles," said Archie. "To be more accurate, we are five miles from a public-house, six from a church, four from a post-office, and three from the spacious walled-in kitchen-garden and tennis-court. On the other hand, we are quite close to the sea."

"You will never see your friends again, Simpson. They will miss you . . . at first . . . perhaps; but they will soon forget. The circulation of the papers that you wrote for will go up, the brindled bull-pup will be fed by another and a smaller hand, but otherwise all will be as it was before."

My voice choked, and at the same moment something whizzed past me into the sea.

"Yachting cap overboard! Help!" cried Myra.

"You aren't in *The Spectator* office now, Simpson," said Archie severely, as he fished with the boat-hook. "There is a time for ballyragging. By the way, I suppose you do want it back again?"

"It's my fault," I confessed remorsefully; "I told him yesterday I didn't like it."

"Myra and I do like it, Mr. Simpson. Please save it, Archie."

Archie let it drip from the end of the boat-hook for a minute, and then brought it in.

"Morning, Sir Thomas," I said, saluting it as it came on board. "Lovely day for a sail. We've got the new topmast up, but her Grace had the last of the potted-meat for lunch yesterday."

Simpson took his cap and stroked it tenderly. "Thirteen and ninepence in the Buckingham Palace Road," he murmured. "Thanks, old chap."

Quiet settled down upon the good ship *Armadillo* again. There was no cloud in the sky, no ripple on the water, no sound along the deck. The land was hazy in the distance; hazy

in the distance was public-house, church, post-office, walled-in kitchen-garden and tennis-court. But in the little cabin Joe was making a pleasant noise with plates. . . .

"Splendid," said Archie, putting down his glass and taking out his pipe. "Now what shall we do? I feel full of energy."

"Then you and Simpson can get the dinghy out and tow," I suggested. "I'll coach from the *Armadillo*."

"We might go for a long bicycle ride," said Myra; "or call on the Vicar-age girls."

"There isn't really very much to do, is there?" said Dahlia gently. "I'm sorry."

Simpson leapt excitedly into the breach.

"I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll teach you all the different knots and things. I learnt them coming down in the train. Everybody ought to know them. Archie, old man, can you let me have a piece of rope?"

"Certainly. Take any piece you like. Only spare the main-sheet."

Simpson went forward to consult Joe, and came back with enough to hang himself with. He sat down opposite to us, wrapped the rope once round his waist, and then beamed at us over his spectacles.

"Now supposing you had fallen down a well," he began, "and I let this rope down to you, what would you do with *your* end?"

We thought deeply for a moment.

"I should wait until you were looking over the edge, and then give it a sharp jerk," said Archie.

"One *must* have company in a well," I agreed.

"They're being silly again," apologised Myra. "Tell me, Mr. Simpson! I should love to know—I'm always falling down wells."

"Well, you tie it round you like this. Through there—and over there—and then back under there. You see, it simply *can't* slip. Then I should pull you up."

"But how nice of you. Let me try. . . . Oh yes, that's easy."

"Well, then there's the hangman's knot."

Archie and I looked at each other.

"The predicaments in which Simpson finds himself are extraordinarily varied," I said.

"One of these days he'll be in a well, and we shall let down a rope to him, and he'll hang himself by mistake."

"That would look very determined. On the other hand there must be annoying occasions when he starts out

to strangle somebody and finds that he's pulling him out of the cistern."

"Why, how delightful, Mr. Simpson," said Myra. "Do show us some more."

"Those are the most important ones. Then there are one or two fancy ones. Do you know the Monkey's Claw?"

"Don't touch it," said Archie solemnly. "It's poison."

"Oh, I must show you that."

Joe showed me the Monkey's Claw afterwards, and it is a beautiful thing, but it was not a bit like Simpson's. Simpson must have started badly, and I think he used too much rope. After about twenty minutes there was hardly any of him visible at all.

"Take your time, Houdini," said Archie, "take your time. Just let us know when you're ready to be put into the safe, that's all."

"You would hardly think, to look at him now," I said a minute later, "that one day he'll be a dear little butterfly."

"Where's the sealing wax, Maria? You know, I'm certain he'll never go for threepence."

"What I say is, it's simply hypnotic suggestion. There's no rope there at all, really."

An anxious silence followed.

"No," said Simpson suddenly, "I'm doing it wrong."

"From to-night," said Archie after tea, "you will be put on rations. One cobnut and a thimbleful of sherry wine *per diem*. I hope somebody's brought a thimble."

"There really isn't so very much left," said Dahlia.

"Then we shall have to draw lots who is to be eaten."

"Don't we eat our boots and things first?" asked Myra.

"If Simpson starts off on his yachting cap there'll be no holding him."

"After all, there's always the dinghy," said Archie. "If we put in a tin of corned beef and a compass and a keg of gunpowder, somebody might easily row in and post the letters. Personally, as captain, I must stick to my ship."

"There's another way I've just thought of," I said. "Let's sail in."

I pointed out to sea, and there, unmistakably, was the least little breeze coming over the waters. A minute later and our pennant flapped once. Simpson moistened a finger and held it up.

The sprint for home had begun.

A. A. M.

"Oh, he was as nice as possible about it, even to owning there was a time when it might have been, but some woman—some devil, came between us. Oh, the *adjective* is mine, not his."

—*Daily Mail* Feuilleton.

Oh, the italics are ours, not theirs.



SCENE—Small Continental Seaside Resort.

Proprietor of Hotel (who advertises a perfect lawn-tennis equipment, to newly-arrived enthusiasts). "VOILÀ, MONSIEUR ET MESDAMES! YOU PERCEIVE IT IS AT PRESENT ENGAGED, BUT THE LITTLE MONSIEUR AND MADemoisELLE ARE VERY AMIABLE, AND WILL DOUBTLESS BE READY TO MAKE A PARTIE!"

### BEAUTIFUL WORDS.

THE catalogues of beautiful words that have helped to fill the columns of *The Westminster Gazette* during this dull season do not include all.

How beautiful is the word "Yes" when used with an appropriate context. Soft lights, distant music, the seclusion of a scented conservatory, the radiant moon peeping in through the roof—and "Yes" murmured between coral lips and pearly teeth, with blush and hung head complete. Did SHAKESPEARE himself ever write a word more beautiful? Or when, in conversation with a friend of means, through the weather, the view, the new Land Taxes, and the weather once more, you approach the subject of a small loan, what sweeter sound could caress your ear than a gentle "Yes." Even "Ja" sounds beautiful in such a connection.

Take again the word "No." There is something that a Briton cannot fail to admire in the sturdy sound of its nasal consonant allied to the honest open vowel; and who has not felt the thrill of this word in responding to the

classical question, "Are we down-hearted?" The author of this question is unknown; but his genius must ever live if only because he has brought home to the English-speaking people the deep beauty of the little word "No"—when used in the right context, of course. Despite the habit of the pertinacious, there are times when it is well to take "No" for an answer.

The little word "And" has never received a due acknowledgment of its beauty. It has, of course, the added merit of utility; and indeed where is the beauty of a thing, however beautiful, that is not useful? Very well, then. This was quite a favourite word with SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE, and MILTON in days gone by, and is still regarded as the best of its kind by Messrs. HALL CAINE, LE QUEUX, and ALFRED AUSTIN in the present day.

Another word not rightly valued is "Enough." What could be more beautiful in its appropriate place than "Enough"? "Enough" is as good as a feast.

(Let's try it here and see how it looks. Enough!—Ed.)

"The Government are making a road to Porcupine Lake, using about fifty convicts for the purpose."—*The Record*.

This may not be the best kind of road, but it is better than if they had made one to Convict Lake, using fifty porcupines for the purpose.

### From a penny novelette:—

"Miss Saxe is a client of mine, Clare," John explained. "Her boxes have gone astray. She is about your size—your figure, I mean—can you lend her some things? I know there is a dress-suit of mine up in my old room."

Dinner was rather late that night. Possibly Miss Saxe and Clare had been talking together; but when they came into the room John felt he was compensated for the delay.

It must have been worth waiting for.

### Two extracts from one issue of *The Daily Mail*:

"The Orion is 545ft. long and has a displacement of 22,500 tons."

"With her engines and armament her tonnage will be nearly 24,000. She is 684ft. in length."

The worst of *The Daily Mail* is that it is so up-to-date that as soon as you get on to a new page the old page becomes obsolete.



### A TAX ON THE IMAGINATION.

PROPERLY speaking, the only building I actually possess is a henhouse. The manifest disadvantage of allowing fowls to scratch in the garden impelled me to buy one rod, pole, or perch of land across the road, upon which was presently upreared a neat and unpretentious structure, painted a pleasant "art" shade, somewhere between blue and green, and with a tarred felt roof. I am pardonably proud of it; and, when I received a brochure that has been distributed gratis among the great landowners of this realm, the first problem in it that caught my eye was this:—

"Hypothetical cost of removing the buildings."

Angelina, finding me busy with figures, accused me roundly of wasting the morning in working out bridge problems.

"On the contrary," I explained, "I am trying to work out the hypothetical cost of removing the henhouse."

"Remove it? Why should you want to?" she asked.

"I don't want to," I replied, "but it seems that I am obliged, under heavy penalties, to suppose that its removal is required, and to arrive at an estimate of the cost of such removal. It's a new system of taxation," I continued airily, "which it would be useless to attempt to explain to a woman. With the whole realm of hypothesis open to me, what ought I to spend on removing the henhouse?"

"Where to?" asked Angelina in bewilderment.

"I'm afraid," I said, after five minutes' study of the monumental work before me, "that point has been overlooked. We will assume it has just got to be removed—demolished. Now, whom should I employ on the job?"

"You generally have Thomas Shadd. If he was doing no work at the Simsons' that week, I expect he would spin it out as long as possible. And he would want beer," remarked Angelina.

"There it is," I said. "These doctrinaire financiers are so unpractical. They never take human nature into account. Thomas's thirst varies in degree. But fancy is free, and we will assume, without unduly straining probabilities, that Thomas is *very* thirsty. A week at three shillings a day, with beer, would come to twenty-four shillings."

Angelina, who is of frugal mind, looked troubled.

"You might get Harold Bly," she said, "but he is so independent."

"All the same, Harold comes within the wide regions of hypothesis," I said,

noting down his name, "and so, for that matter, do I. I might do the work myself."

Angelina smiled.

"Fancy is free," I repeated sternly. "It is *quite* within the bounds of supposition that I should myself remove the henhouse."

"Wouldn't it need a hammer?" asked Angelina. "You know you always hammer your thumb."

"Very well," I said, "we will allow for that, and for lockjaw and complications supervening. Then I should be ordered a rest-cure or a sea-voyage. Hypothesis," I said, warming to the work, "can pile the cost up to any amount. Now let us suppose I give the job to contractors,—to Williams and Clark, for instance."

"I can't suppose you would do anything so silly, after the muddle they made over the kitchen-boiler," replied Angelina.

"My love," I urged gently, "it is, no doubt, a little difficult to imagine any lapse on my part from a high level of sanity; but with a penalty of fifty pounds threatening and with a full appreciation of the duties of citizenship, it is necessary to suppose even this; and Williams and Clark would send in a bill for two pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence—on hypothesis."

"Hypothesis also allows removal by gunpowder," I continued, entering into the spirit of the thing. "I expect a shilling's worth would be effective; and cordite might be even cheaper. There is also fire to be considered; but perhaps the justest way of arriving at an estimate would be to take the average cost of all practicable methods."

It worked out like this:—

To T. Shadd, for removing henhouse (with beer) . .	£	s.	d.
To Harold Bly, for do. (without beer) . . . .	1	4	0
Williams and Clark . . . .		9	0
Removal by self (allowing for accidents with hammers and things, and subsequent sea-voyage and loss of time) . . . . .	150	0	0
Gunpowder . . . . .	1	0	
Cordite . . . . .	6		
1 Swedish match . . . .	0		
	£154	12	0

Roughly speaking, therefore, the cost of removing the building might be set down at twenty-two pounds one and eightpence halfpenny.

"But," said Angelina, "are you sure the question applies to henhouses?"

"That," I said, readjusting a wet towel about my brows, and patting the

printed work in front of me, "is what I have to discover from this. All I know for certain is that, with the Broadening of the Basis of Taxation, a tax has been placed upon my imagination."

"After all," I concluded sombrely, "it was about the only thing left that was not taxed already."

### ECCENTRIC APPETITES.

A CORRESPONDENT, in a letter to our esteemed contemporary, *The Scotsman*, describes the discovery of a needle an inch and a half long inside a hen's egg.

By the courtesy of the editor of *The Dictator* we are enabled to publish a selection of letters describing similar discoveries which will appear in the next issue of that journal:—

#### EX AFRICA SEMPER.

DEAR SIR,—When I was visiting Pietermaritzburg early in this year, the Curator of the Zoological Gardens told me of a curious incident that recently came under his observation. A valuable semi-Bombay Duck (*Anas incredibilis*) suddenly fell ill and died, and the *post-mortem* revealed the extraordinary fact that the bird had swallowed a pocket aneroid which had been inadvertently dropped into its cage by an absent-minded visitor. Curiously enough, the aneroid pointed to stormy, although the weather at the time was remarkably still and fine.

I am, Sir, very truly yours,

VERAX.

[Africa is indeed the home of marvels. With regard to the indication of the aneroid, may we not assume that this pointed to a local disturbance in the interior?—Ed. *Dictator*.]

#### STRANGE CONDUCT OF AN EEL.

DEAR SIR,—My son, a Balliol undergraduate, was recently playing golf at Nairn and, duffing his approach at the fourteenth hole, sent the ball into the burn. His caddie failed to find it, but while looking in the burn scooped out a fine eel of about two feet in length. Noticing a curious protuberance in its body, he cut the eel in two with his pocket-knife, and found the ball, which is now preserved in the town museum.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED DAVITT.

[The voracity of eels is, we believe, something quite exceptional. But surely a humaner method of making the eel disgorge the golf ball might have been adopted by the caddie. We fear that Caledonia is still, in some respects, "stern and wild."—Ed. *Dictator*.]



## RECOVERY OF AN OSTRICH.

DEAR SIR,—For many years I have kept a pet ostrich in my garden at Tulse Hill. The bird, which is of a most affectionate disposition, lives chiefly on hardware—old sardine tins, marmalade jars, and disused safety-razor blades. As a rule it enjoys robust health, but last winter it contracted influenza and pined away until I grew seriously alarmed. In fact, I was almost in despair when, at the advice of a vet, I decided to try feeding Oliver—for that is his name—on the works of an old grandfather's clock, a set of croquet balls, and a small mowing machine. The diet worked like magic, and in less than a week the dear creature was quite himself again. Yours most truly,

DECIMUS PHIBBS.

[It would be interesting to know whether the emu and the cassowary share the predilection of the ostrich for hardware. In regard to the choice of a medical adviser for ailing ostriches, it seems to us that our correspondent ought to have consulted a bird-doctor rather than a "vet." And yet, if we remember aright, ARISTOPHANES calls the ostrich *ἰππολεκτρον*.—Ed. Dictator.]

## WONDERS OF THE SHORE.

DEAR SIR,—Last month, while I was on the beach at Weston-super-mare, I noticed a ring-tailed sand-pipit flying about near the water-line. Suddenly it swooped down and remained on the sand uttering short, sharp cries of distress. Hastily rushing to the spot I discovered, to my amazement, that the bird had been caught by an oyster. The bivalve had opened to enjoy the sun, but when the bird swooped down had closed on the intruder like a vice. Being unable to free the pipit I carried it, with its captor, to my house, and was operating on the crustacean with champagne nippers when my tame porbeagle jumped through the window and unceremoniously devoured both bird and oyster at a single gulp. I have only to add that I am a Commissioner for Oaths, a lifelong Free-Trader, and a confirmed believer in the Referendum.

Faithfully yours,

A. LEGGE PULLAR.

[We are delighted to publish Mr. LEGGE PULLAR'S well-authenticated communication. Our only regret is that he should have omitted to state whether his porbeagle suffered any untoward consequences from his strange meal. But an animal so quaintly named is *capable de tout*.—Ed. Dictator.]

## A TOUCHING APPEAL.

DEAR SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me the best diet for a viviparous



*Nervous Passenger (during fog).* "BUT SURELY YOU'RE NOT LEAVING THE BRIDGE, ARE YOU, OFFICER?"

*Officer (who has just been relieved).* "OH, YES. IT'S NO GOOD STOPPING UP THERE; YOU CAN'T SEE ANYTHING."

blenny which is suffering from the mumps? I have tried it with Cambridge sausages, truffles, cold boiled pork and quince jelly, but no appreciable improvement is yet noticeable.

Yours anxiously,

(Mrs.) TARA DIDDLE.

[We deeply sympathise with Mrs. Diddle in her distress, and gladly give the publicity of our columns to her appeal for information. We have the liveliest recollection of the discomfort of mumps, and sincerely trust that her interesting pet will soon recover its normal health.—Ed. Dictator.]

## The Awkward Age.

"Children under 3 and over 12 Half Price to 6d. and 4d. seats."—Advt. in "Gloucestershire Echo."

## The Euphemists.

The Inland Revenue Department writes to its friends:

"Any owner of land or person in receipt of rent in respect of land, who is required to make a return and fails to do so within the time specified in this notice, is liable to a penalty not exceeding £50."

Or, as they say in less polite society, R.S.V.P.

"WILL the lady who sent her boy for Repairs to Mr. Cantello, from Woodcote-place, on Saturday, July 16th, kindly communicate with him, as she has the wrong boots."—Notice in "The Norwood Press and Dulwich Advertiser."

This only shows how careful you should be to wear the right boots when you send your boy to the doctor (or vet) to be repaired.



Skipper. "WHO'S FOR A JOLLY SAIL? JUST A-GOIN' TO START. ONLY ONE MORE AN' OFF SHE GOES!"

Long-suffering Cornet Player. "FOR 'EVIN'S SAKE, GUV'NOR, MAKE IT A LITTLE 'UN AN' GIVE US A CHARNST!"

### TO MY LADY—IN ABSENCE.

MATILDA, now that we are parted  
By many a sundering mile,  
Be sure that I am broken-hearted,  
Be certain I revile  
The engine with its pounding pistons,  
That bore you to that dreadful distance,  
But still—some arts the weary hours may while.

Where'er the next few weeks I wander,  
By links or lawn or sea,  
My lonesomeness be sure I'll ponder,  
But not exclusively;  
The pain, although my heart it whittles,  
Shall scarcely put me off my victuals;  
No, I shall always make a tidy tea.

The flame, in fact (as *Tristram* puts it),  
Shall burn beneath this breast,  
As to and fro your lover foots it,  
"Because so deep suppressed;"  
My friends, mayhap, shall hardly notice  
That here, beneath this Norfolk coat is  
An aching wound—nay, sometimes I shall jest.

For, what with ozone, woods and heather  
And mountain streams in song,  
Though tight may be the love god's tether,  
Though passion's links are strong,  
Bereft, for weeks, by moors and what-not,  
Of her whose face has tied that hot knot,  
It's wonderful how well one gets along.

These honest lines, by way of warning,  
Matilda, I submit,  
In case, some fine September morning,  
When once again I knit  
This hand with yours, my peerless lady's,  
And swear that August seemed like Hades,  
You ask me why I look so beastly fit. EVOE.

### Answers to Correspondents.

"MOTHER OF CADETS."—No, Madam, "the Osborne decision," which is now exercising the minds of our Trade Union officials, has nothing to do with the case of *Archer-Shee v. The Admiralty*.

"SPORTSMAN."—If you have already returned your form for Duty on Land Values, and have declared "No Minerals," we would dissuade you from playing tennis on your own lawn in heavy shooting-boots. The nails are apt to leave marks, and if an official should be sent to inspect your land his suspicions might be aroused.

The High Master of Manchester Grammar School has been taking a party of his boys for a tour through Germany, and has given his experiences to *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*:

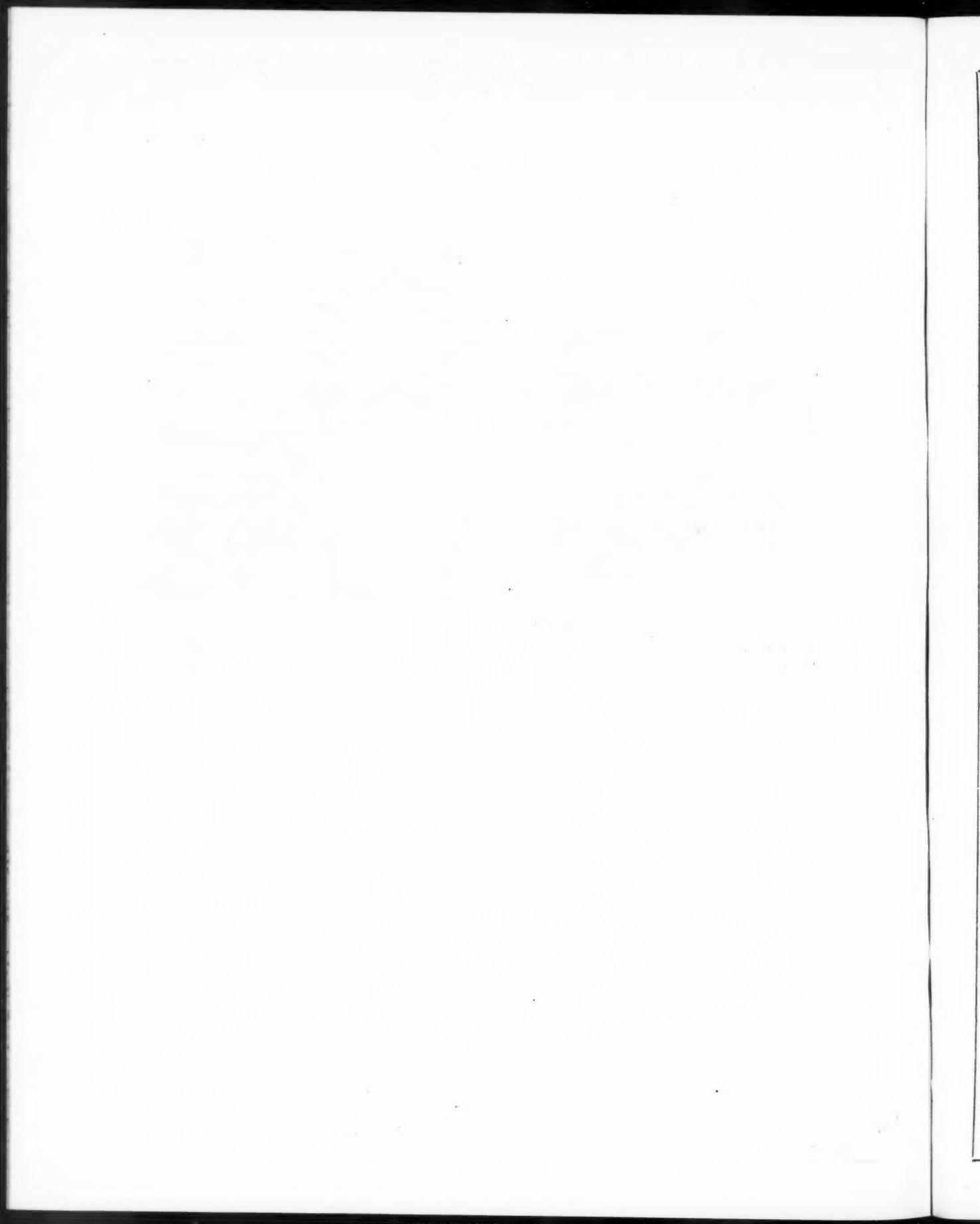
"Breakfast usually consisted of black bread—splendid stuff for marching on!—and apples. The bread sometimes came in very useful for hammering in the tent pegs!"

Now you see why it makes such a splendid surface for marching on.

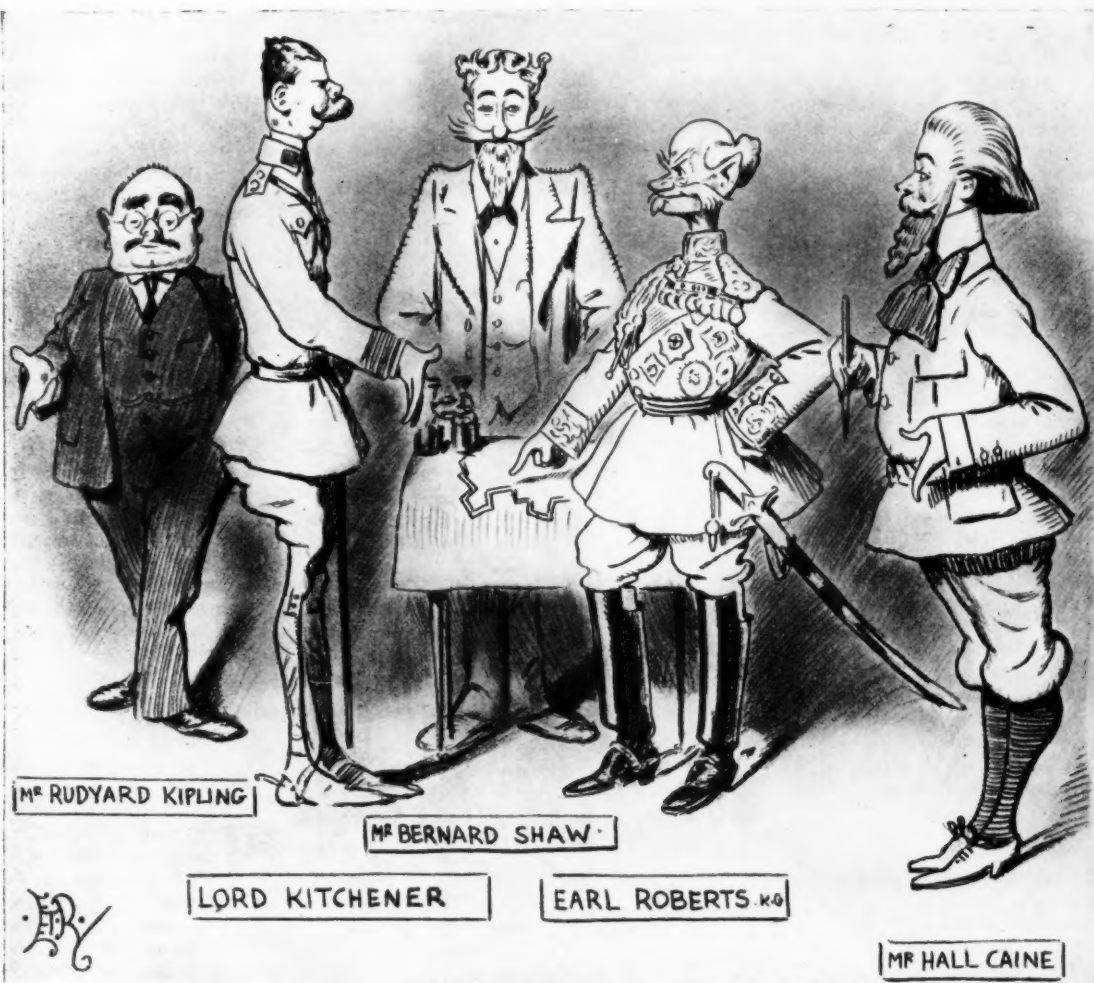


### A DIRTY TRADE.

GUTTER PRESS. "HERE YOU ARE, GENTS! CHUCK US A FEW MORE COPPERS AN' I'LL ROLL IN IT!"







### ANOTHER GREAT WAX-WORK TABLEAU FOR BRUSSELS.

IF, IN SPITE OF OUR ARTIST'S ASSISTANCE, THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE TABLEAU OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT SHOULD PROVE TOO DIFFICULT, WHY NOT BREAK FRESH GROUND ALTOGETHER AND PRODUCE A TABLEAU, EQUALLY LIFELIKE AND FAITHFUL IN PORTRAITURE, OF OTHER BRITISH CELEBRITIES?—HERE ARE A FEW.

#### TO A CHALK-BLUE.

BUTTERFLIES, Butterflies, delicate downy ones,  
Golden, and purple, and yellowy brown ones,  
Whites, reds, and tortoiseshells, what's in a hue?  
You're worth the whole lot of them, little Chalk-Blue!

Fabled Apollos, of bug-hunter's hollow tales,  
Camberwell Beauties, Large Coppers, and Swallow-tails,  
They've fled from high farming, they've gone down the breeze,

To Elfland perhaps, or wherever you please!

You, Master Blue, hold by man and his handiworks,  
Chalk-pits, and cuttings, and engineer's sandy works,  
Sway on his wheat stalks, most buoyant and bold,  
A turquoise a-droop on a chain of light gold!

And on the links, where the chalk-downs go sweeping up,  
Over the greens (where my handicap's creeping up!)

Blue as the tide is, when white the cliffs climb,  
I see you go sipping the sweets of the thyme!

Here was your home, ere the Legion's lean warriors  
Laughed at the slings of Druidical quarriers,  
Or ever the Eagles came swooping ashore,  
You flew your blue ensign from Lizard to Nore!

Long may you linger and flourish exceedingly,  
Dancing the sun round all summer unheedingly,  
Sprite of his splendour, small priest of high noon,  
Oh, bold little, old little, blue bit of June!

#### Self-Revenge.

"In trying to hit McDonell to the screen that bowler brought off a splendid catch: high up with one hand."—*Evening News*.

We can't think why McDONELL should want to hit himself to the screen; but it served him right to be caught like that, by his own hand.

### THE FLOURISH OF THE RICHTEOUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You know everything. I know everything but one. Tell me that one thing.

I take it that when a man addresses another as I have just addressed you (not, mark, "you think you know everything") he has him in a mood of complacency for a minute or two at any rate. Let me use those minutes to tell you all about myself and Johnson and all the other brave and triumphant fellows I have met.

I am charitably disposed. I wish to go about doing good amongst my fellow men, cheering them up and spurring them into an optimistic frame of mind. Particularly note that I do not wish to expend money on that behalf; indeed, I should be glad to make a little out of it. I should not, of course, have written like that if I had been an independent entity with no duties in the world; but I have, as it happens, a number of sound limbs and a healthy appetite to support, and my first duty is to them. However, do not let that worry you, for I have decided upon my mission. I only want you to tell me where my district is. Where, briefly, does the great tribe of the Permanently Snubbed have its melancholy residence?

Gather round, Mr. Punch (you know you know everything), and let me refresh your memory about Johnson.

It was he who showed me my *métier*. Johnson is not the mild, milk-and-water young man you might, from your personal observation, suppose him to be. He—I have it from his own lips—is full of fire; he is not to be sat upon. You start saying nasty, rude things to Johnson, and you will very soon find that you have come to the wrong shop. No one, Johnson tells

me, ever got the better of Johnson. Blustering bodies, bullies for the most part, have from time to time attacked him, supposing that he would take any amount of insolence and injustice like a lamb. But that is not Johnson's way. "I just looked at him," he has

available and shrieked for Johnson's pardon and forgiveness. Which coldly granted, the bully has withdrawn to the retreat whose whereabouts I want to know, never more to appear in public, a prey for all time to the bitterness of his own self-reproach.

### MR. POPPLEWICK IN SCOTLAND.



I.—HOW HE PICTURED TO HIMSELF THE RESULTS OF HIS FIRST GROUSE-DRIVE.



### II.—WHAT ACTUALLY OCCURRED.

Keeper. "ANYTHING TO PICK UP, SIR?"

Popplewick. "WELL—ER—NOT EXACTLY. GOT TWO OR THREE PRETTY HARD HIT."

told me, in describing each encounter, with all the unbiassed accuracy of detachment, "I just looked at him, waited till he had finished, and then said quite quietly . . ." and, whatever it was that Johnson said, his antagonist was reduced instantly to pulp, blushed to the roots of his hair with the blush of conscious shame, fell upon his knees (I gather), bit all the dust immediately

broken. "You should," as Virtue triumphant concludes, "you should just have seen his face!"

Inasmuch as this thing goes on daily, there must be thousands of these squashed, blighted, and altogether sat-upon wretches somewhere. In your private ear, I confess to an occasional boast or two of this sort myself. There have occurred in my conversation crea-

Mr. Punch, for all the blackguards' bullying and blustering, there can be no depth of human vileness which deserves the punishment of quite so snubbed and abject a condition as Johnson depicts. At the end of every narrative I have felt I must go and comfort the man, wrong one though he is, and make the last remaining days of his existence peaceful and painless, if they can never be actually happy. And, observe, it isn't only Johnson. All my relations, all my friends, all my acquaintances, all the people I have ever seen and overheard in the street—all seem thus to have treated someone, nay, everyone who dared to cross their path and to administer unjust blame and unmerited rebuke. Children and parents, pupils and pastors, curates and vicars, young barristers and judges, men and officers, clerks and employers, loafers and policemen, servants and mistresses—the contest is always raging, the cool retort always prevails: "I said nothing. I just looked him straight in the eyes, and then said quite quietly . . ." and that ended it. Virtue is, on its own showing, triumphant. The oppressor is pulverised, the proud spirit is

tures, once overbearing, "who will never dare to speak like that to me again," who have subsided for ever before the cool and collected glare of my conspicuous righteousness. You say that I should know best where they now reside and languish? Frankly, but this must go no further, my own particular victims do not happen to exist. They never did, or, if they did, they were not by a long way my victims. Call me braggart, even liar, but there remains the word of Johnson and his countless imitators. Tell me, for that word is not to be doubted, where and who are the Permanently Snubbed? Why do we never meet them? Why do we only meet their Snubbers?

Your perhaps too inquisitive  
CORRESPONDENT.

### "DO I SLEEP? DO I DREAM?"

A LITTLE book has just been published, advocating self-suggestion as a cure for sufferers from head-ache, tooth-ache, nervousness, sleeplessness and kindred ills. For instance, the programme to be gone through in cases of insomnia (as quoted in *The Express* of August 25) is as follows:—

Repeat the subjoined exercises:—

Twice to yourself aloud: I am lying down to sleep and to sleep only.

Four times softly: I am feeling sleepy.

Twice softly: I am falling asleep.

Mentally a few times: I am asleep.

Mentally: I sleep, I sleep; and continue until you know no more.

We have been favoured with the nocturnal diary of a sleepless soliloquist to whom we recommended the treatment, and reproduce his remarks in an abridged and expurgated form:—

*Midnight.*—Well, now let's see if I can snooze off the effects of poker-patience and that lobster salad. . . . What have I got to say? . . . What the dooce *was* it? I thought I'd learnt it by heart! . . . let me see . . . "I am dying," no—"I am flying." . . . What a vile memory I've got! . . . Ah, I know—"I am lying"—that's a nice confession to make! How *did* it go on? I shall never get to sleep at this rate—I'm getting more and more wide-awake every minute!

12.30 A.M.—I suppose I must light up and find that confounded book . . . Where *are* the beastly matches? . . . Dam—on the floor, of course! Nice thing to tread on with bare feet! . . . Now, where *did* I put that book? I can't go hunting round the bally house in pyjamas at this time of night! . . . Oh, here it is—brought it up in my coat-pocket after all . . . Guess I'm



*Tramp (to lonely spinster).* "COME, MISSUS, ARST YER 'USBAND IF 'E AIN'T GOT A OLD PAIR O' TROUSEES TO GIVE AWAY."

*Spinster (anxious not to expose her solitude).* "SORRY, MY GOOD MAN, HE—ER—ER—NEVER WEARS SUCH THINGS."

pretty shivery! Caught cold or something, I suppose . . .

12.45 A.M.—Ah, here's the page—Insomnia Cure . . . let's get this sportsman's rigmarole right—"I am lying down to sleep and to sleep only"—Hang it, that's what I went to bed for an hour ago—it's a platitude anyway . . . P'raps I didn't say it loud enough . . . don't want to wake the house.

1 A.M.—Wonder if it's time to try the four-times-softly trick! "I am feeling sleepy" . . . "I am feeling sleepy" . . . Dash it all, I *am* lying now . . . How many times was that? I've lost count . . . must begin over again! Hullo, there goes one o'clock!

1.30 A.M.—Suppose this joker wants me to murmur, "I am asleep," now! Well, *am* I? Not fifty per cent. ! Also,

I *don't* think! . . . Feel more like getting up and having a pipe . . .

2 A.M.—Yes, I thought so . . . There's the next-door cat-party begun . . . Think I'll suggest them a jug of water . . . What's his cure for cats, I wonder . . . Do I shout, "I sleep!" or throw things? . . . I'll improve on him—"I snore! I snore!"

3 A.M.—Look here, I've had about enough of this ramp . . . May as well sit up and take notice . . . This mental business is driving me silly—prefer the good old sheep and the hedge.

4 A.M.—Ah, there's the beautiful dawn and the daylight and the sparrows' earliest pipe and the rest of it . . . It's about time for the early morning burglar to be going his rounds, so it's a useful cure for sleepiness after all.  
ZIGZAG.



### THE ELUSIVE BLACKS.

THE monstrous allegation having been made that seaside niggers include in their hoary repertoires songs which are not, to put it mildly, the best intellectual food for the young, all the Brother Bones's and Massa Johnsons of the littoral are up in arms. *Mr. Punch*, whose instincts are to be on the side both of the young and of the entertainer, at once sent one of his young men to investigate at first hand. He made three visits—one to Ventnor, one to Brighton and one to Margate—and he spent much time and some pence in the company of the Ethiopian inhabitants of each town. At Ventnor he found them singing a song entitled, "*I don't care if there's a girl there*," to an enraptured audience chiefly of the penniless class, using "penniless" not as meaning generally destitute but at it's more exact sense of being without a penny. In other words, the audience was composed chiefly of children.

That section of the entertainment having come to an end, our representative drew aside the singer and asked him for his views on the ditty.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the burnt-corkian. "It's a good tune, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"It's funny, isn't it?"

"Not very," our young man hazarded.

"It always goes very well," said the seaside Othello.

"Yes," said our young man. "But the children?"

"Don't you see them there?" asked the Moor of Ventnor sarcastically, "in their scores?"

"True," said our young man.

"Very well, then," said the dusky baritone.

There being no reply to this, our young man gave in.

At Brighton, the serenaders were at work with a ditty entitled "*Boiled Beef and Carrots*." The song told how this dish was the favourite food of the singer:—

Boiled beef and carrots,  
Boiled beef and carrots,  
That's the stuff for your Darby Kell,  
Makes you fat and keeps you well.  
Don't be vegetarians,  
Food they give to parrots;  
Blow out your pants,  
While you've the chance,  
On boiled beef and carrots.

Such was the chorus, and from the way the children joined in there was no doubt that they appreciated it. Yet the moral influence?

A later verse told how the singer was so much under the dominion of this regimen that, when his wife presented him with twins (as the wives of

comic singers always do), and they were taken to be christened, he replied to the parson who enquired what their names were to be, "Boiled beef and carrots." At this the children screamed with delight. Our young man anticipated no success when he tackled the singer on the subject, and he obtained none.

"Didn't you hear 'em laugh?" asked the son of grate polish.

Our young man admitted that he did.

"Well," said the nigritudinous warbler, "don't that satisfy you?"

At Margate, the favourite song was called "*For months, and months, and months*." It told of a number of disasters; how the singer had taken a girl to skate, and how she had fallen so badly that she would not be able to sit down comfortably again "for months, and months, and months," and so on. Everyone was as pleased as could be, and the children sang it with gusto.

Our young man asked the singer if he had heard of the aspersion on two of his fellow-niggers' good taste. He said that he had. It was a crying shame. He had been singing comic songs for twenty years, and never before had he been attacked. No one loved and honoured children more than he; he had children of his own, and he therefore surely ought to know what they should like and should not like.

Our young man agreed.

"What songs do you want us to sing?" the ebony cantillator continued. "We get all the best comics as soon as they're out. All GEORGE ROBEY'S. All T. E. DUNVILLE'S. We never spare any expense, and the papers come along and attack us like that. It's a shame, that's what it is. Fathers of families as we are, too. But I must get back to work now," he added, and at once joined his company in order to take the solo part in "*Archibald, certainly not!*"

*Mr. Punch*, left to come to a decision on the question, is inclined to the opinion that niggers will be niggers and that children fortunately don't understand all they hear.

In some professions the difficulty of making a correct return of one's income is more acute than in others. The losses in the burglary at the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition, for instance, are estimated at £3,000 by *The Daily Mail*, £2,000 by *The Daily Mirror*, and £1,000 by *The Daily Chronicle*, and the thief is already writing to the collector of taxes asking him if he will accept the lowest estimate.

### THE EVENT OF THE DAY.

WHAT time is your breakfast? To all those who have not yet taken their holidays and are looking out for a happy and bracing health-resort, this question is of vital importance. There may be little or no sunshine outside the house this year, but, thank goodness, wherever you are, *The Daily Mail* can be a source of light and warmth to you every morning as you eat your eggs and bacon. But suppose you are an early riser and select a spa where *The Daily Mail* is not shot till 12.30 p.m. Think of the lingering agony between breakfast and lunch. Worse still, if you get up at 11.30 in a place that has battened on *The Daily Mail* since 6 a.m. and realise that many of your neighbours have stolen a march upon you. For the convenience of tourists, therefore, we have prepared a handy guide to the beauty spots of Great Britain, on the lines indicated below:—

Breakfast.	<i>Daily Mail</i> arrives.	
Early ... ..	6.1	Afonwen.
Medium ... ..	8.15	Fritton-on-Sea.
Late to sluggish	11.5	Marazion.
Brunch ... ..	12.55	St. Just in Roseland.

After carefully studying the table of which this is an excerpt, holiday-makers will have no excuse for spending a morning soured by fretful anticipation, or an afternoon embittered by regret for lost opportunity.

### OUR SILLY SEASON CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE NEW COINAGE.

To the Editor of "*Punch*."

DEAR SIR,—I desire to put before the public my views on the reverse side of the penny. The warlike—I might go so far as to say the hectoring, truculent attitude of Britannia as there depicted is surely calculated to give offence to another Friendly Power. In these days of mutual good-will the trident and the shield can only be regarded as a barbarous anachronism. I trust that they will disappear in the new issue and we shall find Britannia surrounded by the arts of Peace. I would suggest that on those coins which bear the date of 1910 an umbrella might be substituted for the trident.

I am, yours, etc., PAX.

DEAR SIR,—If you had spent as much time as I have grubbing about on the tiled floor of the Bank for sovereigns that have run between people's legs, you would recognise, as I do, the absurdity of fashioning coins in the form of a mere wheel. Only the other day I had to chase half-a-quid





*Irate Farmer (who has suffered considerable damage through being run into by motorist). "IT'S NOT A BIT O' GOOD YOUR TRYIN' TO HIDE LIKE THAT. HERE COMES OUR PLEECMAN, AND HE'LL EASILY BE ABLE TO SEE YER!"*

down the steps of the Bank and under the tyres of a motor bus. Now, if coins were square, triangular, or even knobbly at the edges, they would at least stop where they fall. There might, it is true, be some complaints from parsimonious persons that a sovereign did not go so far as it used to do.

I am, yours, etc.,

COMMISSIONAIRE.

DEAR SIR,—I am looking forward to the issue of the new coins with the liveliest interest. Already there are many curious aspects of our currency which are often overlooked. Are you aware, Sir, that it is impossible to put two three-penny bits on the face of a half-crown without their overlapping at the edge? How many pennies do you think one would have to pile one above another to make a column as high as a single penny set on edge? *Nineteen*, Sir. People generally guess about six or eight. Can you find the elephant's trunk on the Jubilee shilling? And have you ever tried on a billiard table. . . .

(This letter must now cease.—ED.)

DEAR SIR,—If the Government could

see their way to call in all three-penny bits, so that sixpence would be the smallest silver coin, I am convinced that we should soon be able, by means of church collections, to wipe out the debt which still hangs over our new organ. I am, yours, etc.,

OPEN PLATE.

DEAR SIR,—Let us have no tampering with the penny. A moment's reflection will show that the gravest distress would be caused throughout the country by any interference with the vast volume of trade which is daily carried on by the swift and secret slot system. I am not one of those who believe that if the size of the penny were altered florins would be used to any marked degree in their place. I am, yours, etc.,

SHAREHOLDER IN  
AUTOMATIC SWEETMEAT CO.

DEAR SIR,—In connection with the issue of the new coinage, may I make a very earnest appeal through your columns to those with whom the decision rests? The alteration which I suggest is a very slight one, but it would bring about a revolution in the

morals of the masses by removing from them a temptation which continually besets them. Let us have both sides of the coin exactly alike.

I am, yours, etc.,

ANTI-GAMBLER.

"I know that my numerous friends of the National Service League will tell me that this system is insufficient, and that we must have at least three or four months' consecutive training, but if you cannot get to the moon, surely it is best to arrive at some minor planet which is on the road to the land of your desires."—*Daily Express*.

The difficulty is that you have to go so much further besides faring wor.e.

*The Times* on Hops:—

"Many growers have been washing during the past week, but our correspondent doubts whether their efforts have been attended with success."

It is the pickers who seem to want it most.

The German KAISER has once more declared himself to be the "Instrument" of Heaven. Yes, but what instrument? The trumpet or the triangle?

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*Veronica Hewson* is one of the most human and understandable heroines that I have met for some time. The book in which she moves is *Kinsmen's Clay* (METHUEN), where you find her, at the beginning, a romantic child, living with her aunt, the housekeeper at an always empty great house in Ireland. You hear also that *Veronica's* father is reported to be "doing well" in soap. That brings the curtain down on the prologue; when it rises again, the father has already done so well as to be rich beyond the dreams of reasonable avarice, and *Veronica* herself is hesitating between the offers of a soiled duke and a hypochondriac earl. This is my one complaint against Miss MARY CROSBIE, whose novel has given me a great deal of pleasure—that I should like to have been told rather more of *Veronica* in her intermediate stages. She decides on the earl—hypochondria, eucalyptus and all; and, having married him, promptly discovers her real love for someone else. The scenes between these two seemed to me quite exquisitely written; full of real feeling and depth, without ever being melodramatic. Unfortunately the Destined Lover was quite obvious from a very early page in the book; and I could not help feeling that, had *Veronica* seen things as clearly as I did, she might have saved herself a lot of worry. But, after all, poor Lord Steynham dies at last, and thus allows *Veronica* to marry the object of her second thoughts, and a delightful tale to reach its expected ending.

The Philippine Isle of the musical play  
Is Lotusland. Damsels are singing  
(Or dancing), and down in the languorous bay  
A cruiser arrives; she is bringing  
The party of English we saw in Act I.  
And a breezy lieutenant (with solo).  
All is Peace without stint. There's no ghost of a hint  
Of that bogey, *The Law of the Bolo*.

To learn about this you must go to the book  
By HYATT, a far-roving mortal,  
Who early in childhood was offered and took  
Two names: i.e., STANLEY and PORTAL;  
And later in life at Manila he found  
That the native, when laying his foe low,

Relied on the aid of a sinister blade,  
Some two feet in length, called the bolo.

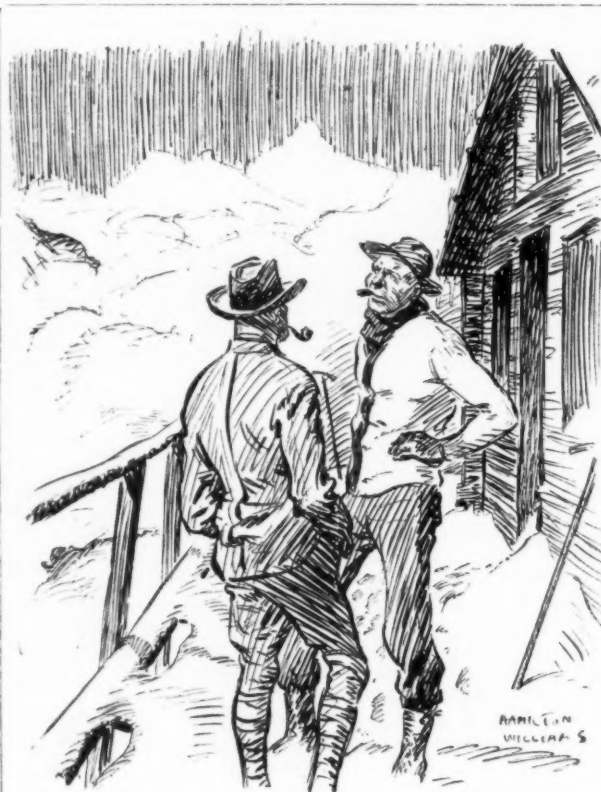
In the yarn there's a strongly political trend,  
Though I doubt if you'll quite understand it,  
But you're certain to like *Captain Hayle* and his friend,  
*Felizardo*, the chivalrous bandit.  
The book (WERNER LAURIE: six shillings) has vim  
And the public, I think, on the whole, owe  
No little enjoyment to HYATT's employment  
In writing *The Law of the Bolo*.

Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON has the gift of writing improbable romance in a most plausible manner, and what matter if the story told be past belief provided the telling of it never fails to entertain? There is much that is old-fashioned in *Alise of Astra* (METHUEN); the small European State with political indigestion, its brave and beautiful Princess simply asking to be conquered by love, and the hard-headed, silent diplomat, who never does a wrong thing. There is, however, this novelty in it, that the splendid and inevitable Englishman, who intervenes, observes a strict neutrality, or rather a scrupulously bilateral and evenly divided partisanship, helping both sides, getting suspected, captured and very nearly shot for a spy by both sides, and, in the final event, putting both sides gloriously in the right. After that bold enterprise *Sir Philip Temple* is surely entitled to a restful end, the conventional destiny of loving and, one may suppose, marrying the beautiful Princess. But do not let me appear to scoff at the book. With all its improbability and antiquity of design it is justified, as the publishers announce, by its wars and rumours of wars, its mystery and its passionate love tale. Not only are these things there; they are there in a prodigal and luscious abundance. For Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON, I repeat with ungrudging gratitude, has the gift.

"Literary Aspirants.—Well-known Author undertakes to personally give advice and criticise aspirants' work."—*Advt. in "Daily News."*  
Our immortal work on *The Split Infinitive* we shall not submit for criticism.

From *The Russian Road to China*:

"In the first booth a string of kettles hangs down, and knives, spoons, candlesticks and hammers are suspended so as to catch the eye."  
An inhospitable trick to play upon strangers.



*Mountainering Britisher.* "SO YOU LOST YOUR PARTNER HERE LAST YEAR—RATHER SAD. HOW DID HE MANAGE IT?"  
*Adirondack Guide.* "WELL, Y'SEE, I WUZ'N'T LOOKUN' M'SELF AT THE TIME. I GUESS HE DIDN'T TAKE PAINS!"